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SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1903.

The Coal Strike Verdict.

It Vindicates the President and Sustains the Public.

The findings of the anthracite coal strike commission, filed yesterday, will be generally and justly accepted as a victory for the coal workers. In the main the miners' contentions are substantiated and they reap the material advantages of increased pay, shorter working hours, and provision for a sliding wage scale under which they are to share the benefits of any future advance in anthracite coal prices.

They lose their demand for a smaller ton measure, and are overruled in their purpose to exclude nonunion workers, as such, from the anthracite coal field. The logic of their attitude prior to and during the strike is, however, sustained. For the commission holds that the questions involved in the strike were not of such importance as to justify the cessation of coal production, and should have been submitted long before to arbitration. The miners, as we remember, were at no time unwilling to agree to mediation, so the blame for last year's coal embargo is put by the commission where the public had already put it—on the shoulders of President Baer and the other "vice-gerents of providence," who for so many weary months could find "nothing to arbitrate."

But we are not concerned especially to figure out of the roundsmen's findings a victory for the miner or a defeat for the operators. As in every arbitration each side was bound to lose something as well as win something, and the net result could only be a fairly equitable compromise. Both parties, the public will agree, ought to accept the verdict in a chastened, grateful, and forgiving spirit.

What we do see in the decision is an unqualified victory for peace and order, a vindication of the public's right to be counted as a factor in disputes which touch its welfare and involve its interests. It is a timely and definite refutation of the "Public be damned" theory on which it has been sought to conduct so many of our great industrial enterprises.

That the consuming public is entitled to play some other role than that of the unoffending and unprotesting victim in clashes between capital and labor, can no longer be disputed. That it may compel peace—and should compel peace—between interests willfully and selfishly depleting the market of a necessity of life like anthracite coal, is a proposition which will not again be hastily challenged.

President Roosevelt's action in demanding a cessation of the wasteful struggle between mine owners and mine workers will be remembered as one of the most notable achievements of his Administration. The filing of an arbitration report which fully accomplishes his intentions and justifies his attitude is a step toward better industrial conditions in this country, the full effects of which can as yet be only vaguely estimated.

Marking Up Folks.

Modern Instances Showing a Rising Market for Reality.

Dooley's $40,000 a year is rivaled by Dr. Conan Doyle's $108,000 for twelve short stories, which is about a dollar a word. By making the words short, Doyle can economize space and give himself leisure for other contracts.

This is the age in which the gentleman who makes fun for us, or the gentleman who turns our thought from the grind of things to the romance behind the things, can mark his goods at any price and yet find takers. There is nothing so easy as to win out after you have won out and got it well advertised. The trouble is, when you want to move the world, to get the hang of the place where the fulcrum ought to be.

What would Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith say to the latest pot boilers? Charles Lamb from his clerkship wrote deliciously in a pathetic background.

When there was less a public, there was less a livelihood. The advantage of our time is the entrance of the masses into life, the life of books, newspapers and magazines, society. The masses, freed from illiteracy, contribute to raise Dooley's salary and to mark up Conan Doyle's vocabulary.

Fame means more than it did because the ranks of appreciation are re-enforced. The people have arrived. Life is more significant. The advance in the value of genius will be even more fabulous in the future than it is today. Schwab's million dollar salary may yet go to some new Shakespeare.

The most costly article, after all, is the article that is superfluous even when it is marked down.

The day we are about to celebrate will be the day dedicated to the simplicity and beauty of what is unaffected, spontaneous and genuine, whether in literary or in pictorial or in industrial art. Adulteration is as bad in thought as in sugar.

The fact is that the age which marks up the value of the Human Article, irrespective of age, sex or previous condition, is the age which is certain to forge ahead in industrial and social efficiency.

As shoddy goes out, the warp tends to associate wool with silk.

"Twaddle" in the Pulpit.

A Bishop's Advice to Candidates, and a Soldier's Observations.

"You are not called upon to gabble or twaddle in the pulpit," remarked Bishop Charles N. Fowler, the presiding officer of the New Jersey Methodist Conference, the other day, in addressing the class of candidates. "A preacher nowadays," he continued, "must give his people food for thought, and food, too, that will be acceptable to people who come to church with magazines in their pockets and live on a diet of good literature."

We fully agree with Bishop Fowler. The tendency to "twaddle" in the pulpit nowadays indicates an absence of common sense, which would be alarming were it not happily confined to a comparatively small class of young preachers. It is the class which discusses "higher criticism," instead of saving souls; which draws lurid pictures of political corruption, instead of teaching flocks the broad distinction between homely honesty of purpose and moral turpitude. It is the class which attends to everybody's business, except its own; the class that sees the mote in the neighbor's eye, but never the beam in its own; the class that constantly looks for trouble and generally succeeds in getting other people into it.

Dr. Hans von Buelow, the celebrated musician, was one day rehearsing a chorus for women's voices. Its members had been annoying him greatly by constant chatter during pauses designed for rest. "Ladies," he exclaimed with some impatience at last, rapping the desk in front with his baton, "this is not a question of saving the capitol of Rome, but of singing this score correctly."

It is not a question—at least, it shouldn't be—of saving the republic by telling administrations what they should or should not do in China, Cuba, the Philippines, and elsewhere, but of telling people from the pulpit what their everyday duty is to their neighbors, their children, and themselves.

We are led to make these remarks because of what Gen. A. R. Chaffee is reported as saying to members of the Methodist Social Union at its regular monthly meeting in New York, on Friday night. He threw a bombshell into the gathering by declaring:

I took occasion to meet many of the most prominent Chinamen while in Pekin, and I talked to many of the better class. These included officials. I must say that I did not meet a single intelligent Chinaman who expressed a desire to embrace the Christian religion. The masses, too, are against Christianity; but the missionaries are hopeful and no doubt courageous.

In view of the blood and treasure expended to protect Chinese converts, whose conversion, by universal consensus of opinion, is of doubtful value, this sounds somewhat discouraging. And yet we are urged, again and again, from countless pulpits, to return to the charge, by men who know not whereof they speak, have not the slightest notion of the responsibility they are assuming, and are found conspicuously in the rear whenever the clouds threaten to gather. May it not be that theirs is some of that "twaddle" Bishop Fowler had in mind when he addressed the conference class of candidates at Asbury Park?

According to reports from Mentone, Mr. Kruger enjoys almost perfect health, and goes out daily for a drive. He intends to return to Holland about the middle of April unless he can obtain permission to return to South Africa.

Free-Hand Comment.

Members of the beef trust have been fined $5,000 each in Missouri. The public's punishment of the trust, it appears, is much less severe than the trust's punishment of the public.

Jose Palma's elopement with a New York girl demonstrates the fact that not all Cuban compacts are balked in the United States.

British consols have touched the lowest point for over thirty years. This is because the rate of interest upon them is soon to be reduced to 2½ per cent. But while John Bull's consols are selling for 91⅝, Uncle Sam's 2 per cent bonds are bringing 108.

Now dawns the gladsome season when sarsaparilla posters call to us from every billboard and dead wall; the schoolboy is lured from his books by the little fish and the young husband's thoughts turn heavily to Easter millinery bills.

If the Senate is wise it will not prosecute the Hon. William Dudley Foulke for lese majeste. Mr. Foulke has an inconvenient habit of repartee and persistence, and there is no telling what sharpness a brief incarceration for contempt might give to his already acidulated and fluent pen.

The Talk of the Day.

Deep thinkers are much exercised over the Burdick mystery, and explanations are many and curious. A person of sound principles assured us yesterday that the murder was committed by a revengeful man dressed as a woman. A reader of Marc Andre Raffalovich recalled the attempted assassination of the Duke of Cumberland in 1811, the murder of Winkelmann by the cook Arcangeli, the suicide of the poet Thomas Lovell Beddoes. And so every one has his little say.

"The Wife Sealers," by Louis C. Alexander, is not an ordinary novel. The characters are not commonplace; they do not talk in routine phrases, nor does the author describe life and manners in an absurdly simple fashion. His waiter does not bring in drinks, but appears with "a trayful of the ordered humidities and accessories." News is alluded to as the "morning's announcements, promulgated by a news agency." Here is a sample of the light and airy dialogue: "Mr. Secretary, if you don't smooth out that withered walnut countenance of yours and conform it to the beaming warmth of my perforating observations, I shall give you a loving hug in which your ribs shall become like unto the bandbox whereon a pile-driver falleth." There is plenty of incident. Thus, a man with singularly long arms stretches forth a hand from the platform, draws up with it a would-be murderer by the throat and squeezes until he holds a corpse which he flings gaily to the admiring police. No arrest.

G. S. asks us the origin of the "seventh-son superstition." The superstition is centuries old that the seventh son of the seventh son is a born physician, who has an intuitive knowledge of the art of curing all disorders, and sometimes the faculty of curing by the mere touch. In some places, as in Yorkshire, it was believed that if a woman had seven boys in succession, the last would be surely successful if he were bred to the profession of medicine.

The gypsies believe that the last of seven daughters born in succession, without a boy coming into the series, can see hidden treasures and spirits. Such a woman is, of course, a treasure, a very mascot, and in 1833 Danku Niculai, the leader of the Kakaya tribe, offered Pale Boshe 100 ducats if she would persuade her seventh daughter to marry him.

As for the origin, who can tell? What is the origin of the superstition about "la Mascotte?" The belief in the charm that lurks in odd numbers is very old. No prudent housewife will give a setting hen an even number of eggs. Salutes with cannon are generally of an odd number. Virgil said in an eclogue, "The deity rejoices in an uneven number." All sorts of remedies were directed to be taken three, seven or nine times. Look through the Old Testament. "Build me here seven altars, and prepare me seven oxen and seven rams." Naaman was ordered to wash seven times in the Jordan. Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for rain. Jericho was encompassed seven times. There were seven kine and seven ears in Pharaoh's dream. Jacob served seven years for Rachael.

There are the seven deadly sins, the seven sleepers. The second Kalandar in the Arabian Nights had learned to intone the Koran according to the seven schools. There were seven methods of handwriting and seven ages of women among the Arabians. There were seven stars in the hair of the Blessed Damozel. Nor should we forget the seven churches in Asia, the seven heads of the dragon of Revelation, the seven angels with seven vials; and does not man change every atom of his body in seven years?

TWENTIETH CENTURY KNIGHTHOOD.

She was a radiant maiden
Whom a score of suitors had sought;
He was a man who never
Stood the ghost of a show they thought,
Yet he won her, and won her fairly,
She gave him her love one day;
Oh men lay plans that are subtle,
But the fates keep having their way.

He didn't rush off to battle
And, exhibiting valor there,
Cause thrills to pursue one another
In the breast of the maiden fair;
He wrote no heavenly poem
Concerning the radiant maid,
He gained no wonderful fortune
Through a coup on the Board of Trade.

One day the beautiful maiden
Got into a car—'twas good
Of the big and brawny conductor
To push her as hard as he could.
She squeezed herself through the doorway
And there saw the fortunate chap,
Who, raising his hat politely,
Implored her to have his strap.
—S. H. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD.

After Nearly a Century Spain's Reigning House Has Another Carlos—Prospect That Carlism Will Pass Out of Existence—Paul Deschanel, Once So Prominent in France, Now Politically and Socially Dead—Victim of the Humbert Scandal.

Another Carlos in Spain.

Carlos is the name which has been given to the second son of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, who was born in the Royal Palace at Madrid the other day, and this serves to recall the fact that nearly a century has elapsed since any member of the reigning house of Spain has been christened at Madrid with this name, which for the past seventy years or more, has carried with it suggestions of peril to the dynasty, in the shape of conspiracy, insurrection and civil war.

The last royal infant who was baptized at Madrid with the name of Charles, was the eldest son of that original Don Carlos, who first inaugurated the Carlist wars. This original Don Carlos was the younger son of King Charles IV of Spain, and should, according to the provisions of the Salic law and the family pact, have succeeded to the crown of Spain on the death of his elder brother, Ferdinand VII. The latter, however, influenced by his fourth wife, Christine of Naples, abrogated the laws of succession and bequeathed his crown to the elder of his two little girls, who ascended the throne as Isabella II in spite of the protest of her uncle, Charles Count de Molina.

The Second Don Carlos.

This Don Carlos, prior to the death of his brother, King Ferdinand, had married a Portuguese princess by whom he had two sons, both born and christened at Madrid, the elder receiving the name of Charles, and the other that of John. This Charles was the second Don Carlos of the Carlist wars, and claimed to be Charles VI of Spain in the same way that his father, the original Don Carlos, claimed to be Charles V. The second Don Carlos, who likewise bore the title of Count de Montemolin, after contributing in no small measure to disturb the Spanish peninsula by his numerous insurrectionary movements, died childless, bequeathing his pretensions to the throne of Spain to his younger brother John, who is the father of the present and third Don Carlos, who wears the title of Duke of Madrid, and is styled by his adherents King Charles VII. He himself has but two heirs, namely an only son, Don Jaime, and his own younger brother, Don Alfonso, president of the International Anti-dueling League of Continental Europe.

Carlism a Blighting Curse.

There have been no Carlist civil wars in Spain during the last quarter of a century, although there have been plenty of small disturbances. But during the forty-five years that intervened between the death of King Ferdinand and the termination of the last Carlist war, after the accession of Don Alfonso XII, Carlist risings and insurrections kept Spain in a constant turmoil of fratricidal strife, spreading havoc and devastation throughout the land, costing untold numbers of lives and an incalculable amount of treasure, so that Carlism came to be regarded both at home and abroad as the all-blighting curse of Spain.

An Execrated Name.

The very name of Carlos was execrated by all those who had the welfare of Spain and of the present dynasty at heart, and that is why no one has ever thought of giving such a name to any member of the royal family at Madrid. The situation, however, has changed. Don Carlos has absolutely refused to unsheathe his sword again in behalf of his pretensions. His brother, as I have said above, is childless, and his only son, Don Jaime, with whom he is not on the best of terms, shows no indications of marrying. If Don Jaime dies without male issue, then the legitimist line becomes extinct, and Carlism passes out of existence, since according to even legitimist ideas the present King, young Don Alfonso XIII, will be the lawful sovereign of Spain.

It is perhaps to signalize this that the second child of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias has been given the name of Carlos. Indeed, it may be regarded as an intimation to the people that Carlism is to all intents and purposes at an end, and no longer destined to be a factor in Spanish politics.

Let me add that this new Don Carlos of Spain, now about three weeks old, was invested even before he received his first baby clothes, with the dignity of a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and of the order of Charles III, as well as receiving a patent creating him an Infant of Spain. His mother is the eldest sister of King Alfonso, and his next heir.

The Humbert Scandal.

Although it is difficult for people to realize from the newspapers reports published in this country the important results of the Humbert swindle scandal that is now being aired in the Parisian courts, quite a number of prominent men bearing names of international renown have been entirely ruined thereby, at any rate, as far as all their future political prospects are concerned. Many of them are entirely innocent of any complicity in the frauds of the amazing Madame Humbert. But the mere fact that they have been on terms of social intercourse with her and her family is enough to damn them.

Among the most notable instances of this kind may be mentioned the case of the ex-president of the chamber of deputies, Paul Deschanel, son of the famous Sorbonne professor of that name. At the time of Faure's death, it seemed certain that he was destined to succeed to the presidency, if not then, at any rate later, and he was one of Loubet's most dangerous rivals. Very good-looking, possessed of excellent manners, married to a great heiress, popular alike with the Republicans and with the Royalists, he seemed to be particularly well fitted for the role of chief magistrate.

It was, however, his association with the Humberts that cost him his position as the president of the chamber, and since then he has become politically dead and so changed in appearance that even his best friends find it difficult to recognize him. All his buoyancy of manner and his trimness of appearance and of dress has disappeared. He looks completely broken, and although there has been nothing in the least disgraceful in his dealings with the Humberts, he has become so terrorized by the continual innuendoes contained in the press with regard to his relations with the Humbert family that he is not merely politically, but likewise socially, defunct. In one word, Deschanel, who at the moment of Loubet's election, and for a considerable time afterward, was regarded both in France and abroad as his most likely successor as chief magistrate of France, is now numbered among the long list of political victims of the "affaire Humbert."

Sicily's Noble Houses.

The Italian department of the interior at Rome has just issued an official list of the noble houses of Sicily, and of those who alone are authorized to make use of Sicilian titles. The list has been drawn up with much care by the Royal Italian College of Heraldry at Rome, a government institution created for the express purpose of regulating the use of nobiliary titles. From now on, therefore, no Italian public official, consul, or notary will be allowed to mention in deeds or official documents any titles not contained in this list, while the authorities will have a right to institute penal proceedings against those whose claims, pretensions, and adoption of Sicilian titles are not enumerated in this new roster of the Sicilian nobility.

As I have mentioned before in these letters the Italian College of Heraldry at Rome is subjecting each successive province of the kingdom to a rigid investigation and supervision of this kind, with the result that thousands of nobiliary titles which had been impudently usurped by persons without a vestige of a right to them have now had to be dropped.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

RUBBER MAY CAUSE NEXT WAR.

A dispute about rubber may cause the next war, a war which will change the map of South America. Rubber is at the bottom of the Acre dispute, and Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru are embroiled. The land which each of these nations claims is near the headwaters of the Amazon, in a province of Bolivia. Brazil has never claimed it, and a boundary commission in 1874, it was thought, had settled the question for all time.

As early as 1895, however, the world's supply of rubber was not equal to the demand. The forests of South and Central America did not furnish more than half enough for the tires of bicycles and other vehicles which use up the product in large quantities. Efforts were made to cultivate rubber, and many a glowing prospectus was sent out setting forth the advantages of the soil of Mexico, Honduras, and Guatemala. But rubber was needed for the tires of automobiles, which could not wait ten or twelve years for rubber trees to grow.

Then capitalists began to turn their attention to Acre. The province was difficult of access in Bolivia, as vessels could not go up the Bolivian rivers within a hundred miles of the territory. But there was rubber there, vast forests of it, enough to furnish tires for all the automobiles built for years to come. In the 90,000 square miles of Acre it was estimated rubber trees covered fully one-fourth of the area.

A syndicate of American and English capitalists had foreseen the importance of Acre, and had obtained a concession from Bolivia to work its rubber forests. They shipped their product by way of the Amazon. Brazil then asked for another survey, and after getting a small slice of the territory declared itself satisfied. Peru then wanted some of the land which was adjacent to its boundary, and another survey was ordered with barren results for Peru.

Now Brazil, somewhat fearful of the results of establishing an American stronghold in the heart of the Continent, declares it was not treated fairly on the last survey. It has threatened to cut off access to Acre by way of the tributaries of the Amazon, and charge Brazilian duties on all products exported from Acre. The Brazilian navy is patrolling the rivers, and duties of 22 per cent have been imposed on all crude rubber sent out from the disputed territory.

Bolivia contends the concession was granted in good faith, and the government cannot revoke it. Brazil offers to assist in developing Acre if the concession is revoked. Otherwise it threatens to close the Amazon, foment insurrection in the province, and finally enter into a military occupation of the land. Peru insists on its share if Brazil's claim is granted, and the United States is inclined to uphold the rights of the concessionaires. Bolivia has no navy, and is unable to cope with Brazil on water, and there is little doubt of the outcome of a war unless the United States and Peru interfere.—New York Press.

OUR MIXTURE OF RACES.

The provisions of the immigration bill which passed Congress do not seem to be of a character which will tend to the diminution of the present great volume of immigration in any considerable measure. This immigration is of people of races from which this country received comparatively few representatives up to about fifteen years ago, or the races of eastern and southern Europe.

The immigration from Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia during the sixty years from 1820 to 1880 aggregated only 221,822 out of a total of 10,181,044, and more than four-fifths of it was in the single decade between 1870 and 1880. About five-sixths of the whole immigration was from northern Europe—Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia. From 1880 to 1900, however, the immigration from eastern and southern Europe was nearly one-third of the total of toward 9,000,000, and now it is far in the lead.

Formerly, the Italians here were known popularly as organ grinders only, and, of course, they suffered in reputation consequently. Up to 1880 there were here only a few thousand of the race, all told, and even in 1870 their number had increased by less than twelve thousand. Now they must number in the city of New York alone toward a quarter of a million.

As Gustave Michaud points out in his paper on the coming American race in the "Century Magazine," the Mediterranean race, to which the Italians belong, is "the oldest human stratum found in Europe."

The stature of the races of eastern Europe from which, with the Italian, our chief immigration is now coming, though larger, is also smaller than that of the previous immigration. Mr. Michaud concludes, therefore, that these new and great additions to our population will tend to lower the average American stature; but the tendency of our race, as at present constituted, has been to increase in height, and the descendants of these newcomers, with better nutrition and under our more favorable economic conditions generally, are likely to gain in stature.

Mr. Michaud speaks of the eventual profit which will come to the American race from the artistic temperament of the Italians. They have many other valuable qualities to contribute to the common stock. Italy from one end to the other is a hive of intelligent industry, agricultural and manufacturing. Italian achievements in engineering are among the most notable in the world. The manual dexterity of the Italians is unsurpassed, and their tastefulness is needed here.

The other race, of central and eastern Europe, from which we are getting so great an addition to our population, Mr. Michaud speaks of as "stocky" and trustworthy. Of this immigration at present, it must be borne in mind, so large a part is Jewish that the number of Jews in New York has increased within very recent years to 600,000, and if the present rate of their immigration continues till 1910 they are likely to be a full million by that time. But this race may be dismissed as a factor in the production of the coming American race if its past disposition to remain by itself continues undiminished.—New York Sun.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

The first and second Rhodes South African scholarships at Oxford have been awarded to graduates from the Jesuit college at Buluwayo.

Israel Zangwill, when asked recently what special outdoor pastime he loved the most, replied characteristically, "all forms of locomotion except ballooning."

Dr. Frederick Mueller, Prof. Lorenz's assistant in the practice of "bloodless surgery," will return to this country shortly to accept the professorship of orthopedy in the medical college of the University of Chicago.

Ludwig Falke, the lyric poet, to whom the Hamburg senate has voted an annual pension of $750 to enable him to devote himself to his literary tasks, has been a music teacher in that city for twenty-five years. Once before the senate helped a struggling author. Otto Ernst, while teaching in a public school in Hamburg received six months' leave of absence to enable him to devote his time to his dramatic work.

Prof. Robert Koch, who alternately terrorizes and soothes by his revelations concerning bacteria, is fifty-nine. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, and studied at Gottingen. In 1882 he discovered the bacillus tuberculosis; in 1884, after a journey in Egypt, he unearthed the cholera bacillus, and in 1890 added the phthisis bacillus to his collection. He has also accomplished many other works for science that are not expressed in terms of microbes, his researches in splenic fever and wound poison being conspicuous examples.

One of the youngest-looking old men in the English house of commons is Sir John Gorst. He is now getting on to seventy, but he has a brisk step, his complexion is ruddy and he speaks with the same brightness, self-possession and acidity which he displayed in the 80's. He attributes his extraordinary youthfulness to the fact that he has for years followed the advice given him by the late Sir Andrew Clark, the celebrated physician, and has, under all circumstances, remained nine hours of every twenty-four in bed.

THE BEST THINGS FROM OTHER NEWSPAPERS.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A Millennial Suggestion.

Prince Henry of Prussia, one of the most amiable guests upon whom unbounded American hospitality was ever lavished, suggests that the Golden Rule should be constantly observed by every owner and ever driver of an automobile. An excellent idea! But is the millennium already here?—New York Tribune.

Divided Against Itself.

The Bryan faction in 1903 is just as far away from the Cleveland faction as it was in 1900. Nobody supposes the gap will be any narrower in 1904. The expressions of the leading personages on both sides in the past two or three months leave no doubt on this point. As in all the canvasses, Presidential and Congress, since 1896 including that one, the Democracy has been a house divided against itself, and the country knows how a party which is in this fix fares in elections.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Progressive Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is keeping up its reputation for rapid-transit Statemaking, and has everything now than any of the original thirteen can boast of. Recently it forged to the front of the procession with an investigation into charges of boodling in the Legislature. Now as it is, there is nothing raw or unformed about this young Territory.—Baltimore American.

A Variety in Industry.

The first effort of the new Department of Commerce and Labor is to send an expert to Japan to study the culture of terrapin. This promises a variety in industry. When the labor of the country is fully engaged in turning out diamond-back terrapin it can force capital to behave itself by threatening to shut off the supply of that food product.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Greater Navy.

The whole country now sees, what many saw all the time, that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine depends on the ability of the United States to defend it by force, and this is dependent on power on the ocean. If the Congress which meets next December rises to the situation as well as the one which has just expired did, the country will make a good beginning toward getting the navy which its wealth, its ocean commerce, its long coastline, and its position as guardian of the continent demand.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BITS OF MISCELLANY.

New States and State Names.

The abandonment of the Statehood bill is an irreparable loss to polite letters. A State with so resounding a name as Montezuma does not come our way every year. We do not know its equal unless it is the nomenclature which Jefferson applied to the Northwest Territory when it was yet virgin soil. That classical patriot, it will be remembered, divided this immense tract into ten States, giving them a good start in life with the names of Washington, Sylvania, Cherronesus, Michigania, Assenisippia, Metropotamia, Illihoia, Saratoga, Polypotamia, and Pelisipia. There are actually maps in existence in which the Northwest Territory is split up into ten States with these names.—New York Evening Post.

A Remarkable Reunion.

A remarkable family reunion was that of the Thurstons, recently held in the town of Rumford, Me., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Trueworthy Thurston, aged, respectively, eighty-four and seventy-nine years. The family consists of the parents, six sons, and two daughters, with seventeen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Thus far not a single death has broken the circle. At one time the members were widely scattered, but all now reside in or within easy distance of Rumford, in what has come to be called "the Thurston district." The youngest, a plump boy weighing over ten pounds, was born there on the day of the reunion.—Chicago Chronicle.

Big Guns Too Cumbersome.

Lieut. H. Williams, who is in charge of the naval recruiting station in the Federal building, fought on the battleship Iowa during the Spanish-American war and declares the one thing that was demonstrated by the war was that the most effective work can be done by small guns. The naval officer says that in the famous fight off Santiago the execution was done by the small cannon, the great, much-advertised guns being entitled to very little credit for the victory. "The trouble was that the large guns didn't hit," said the lieutenant. "The turrets carrying these guns weigh 100 tons; the guns themselves weigh 20 tons more. That is so great a mass to move in aiming that it is difficult to bring it accurately to the proper place. Then the large guns can be fired only once in two minutes. The six-pounders were discharged ten or twelve times a minute and the five-pounders as often again."—Chicago Chronicle.

SHAFTS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Righteous Retribution.

The hero of the play had just died a glorious stage death.

Loud and long the audience applauded.

At last he appeared before the curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "as you insist on having a man who died a few moments ago come to life and appear before you with a bow and a smile, I am here to comply with your wish, and by way of destroying the illusion still further, I will, with your permission, occupy the time while the stage is being made ready for the next act, by reciting 'Casey at the Bat.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Follicules.

The young practitioner is busy. Very busy. Dodging bills.

Perhaps pills are like bullets. It takes 20,000 bullets to kill one man, you know.

I say, Fate, pour me my mead to drink now—my vinegar later when my sense of taste will have failed.

You have three friends? Lose two, and you will find the other.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Conscience is the reflector of the liver.

Once there was a pretty woman who did not know it, but she was in a picture book.

It makes a man mad to hear the disagreeable things that are said about his friends; it makes a woman mad not to.

It's funny, but when a woman loves a man she wants him not only to tell her that he loves her, but that he knows by his great love that she loves him.

A woman would like to have a man kiss her more if he didn't smoke; but if he didn't smoke she would be afraid it was because some other woman objected to it.—New York Press.

Changed.

"Yes, this is a great country," admitted the foreigner, "but is not the enormous growth of wealth developing a spirit of caste in your communities?"

"Not at all," said the native pessimist. "On the contrary, it is distinctly and discouragingly leveling. A man can give a million dollars anonymously to an educational institution nowadays and remain unknown as long as he chooses."—Chicago Tribune.